

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

PUBLISHED
BY HENRY M. WHITNEY
Every Wednesday Morning.
FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Foreign Subscribers, \$7.00 to \$10.00.
Which includes postage prepaid.

PRICE—In the new Post Office Building
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

A LYRIC OF BLUE GLASS.

Shaded windows, richly light,
Casting a blue, artistic light.—Niles,
Of all the modern working curves,
Grace, bulk, and others that I need not name,
Are none like that which, Pleasanton, secures
For thee a delicate fame.

The poet of life, and poetry, and light,
Lost of the morning he, how fair to win
Tears clearer and purer than the world, with might
Crying: "Blue glass paid in!"

But not his house! home all lies silent;
Needs must that on the patient only pass
Such as will enter the blue, artistic rays,
Doubt and through a glass.

Not yet all glass answer, reflected,
'Tis when the bright health drowses through your vitreous
Eyes,

The shades of most beneficial effect
Is that called Pleasanton.

Can't explain now as the substance pass
Back of its decorative parts to dreams.

But you'd have, try not in common glass,

Your lesson for your pane.

Having obtained your glass, a widow takes,
It's possible a mother—thus they're to make

A positive of the sun.

Expect the poor affected; surely you
Will take the shade of the Alpine height,
And then your eyes' reward, that eagle who,
Takes back himself in light.

The whole creation need no longer groan,
Since glass gives all sorts of earthly things;

The skies, rays, imperial, build and tone

Cows, camels and Kings.

Does any one effect the early pane,
The match that in spring breaks the board?

See glass gives frames, and they shall visibly
Show up like Jonah's gourd.

Would Mary stimulate her little lamb?

With care she'd shield it from the solar heat,

And sing her Easter like "I am."

Ready for you to eat!"

Have you horses whose action you would damp—
Whose care of kicking, and like vicious acts?

Just focus a certain carriage lamp.

Upon his binder parts.

Have you a head, that he be billiard balls?

Select a seat at church, if you may,

From the rub-side, sturdy winter falls

The blue artistic ray.

Arrested gooseberry juice shall prove champagne,

The thinnest table-beer shall taste like Bass,

Even currant wine be donne a dual drain,

When quaffed from azure glass.

Who through blue spectacles the world encircles,

Shall roostle find his independent views;

Blue devils shall forget their gloomy ways.

Nor shall he feel the blues!

Putting her feet on the window-sill,

One of those Boston ladies would deeply quaff

The waters of the fabled Pieris' ill,

Some scowl, a certain smile.

Ball, with attenuated spectacles and eyes,

Slowly, plumply, looking into view

(Now Boston looks like the same old size)

With his horse's blue!

Thus of all modern, wonder-working cars,

Grace, bulk, and others I could name

None shall peer that which, Pleasanton, secures

Their bright action!—N. Y. World.

Variety.

The ladies' "Good news"—New goods.

A big house is now made with a bay window.

Indeed be the man who sits down upon a red-

sofa, for he shall rise again.

A New York policeman shot at a mad dog

and ran in the neck. Then the man was mad.

Notwithstanding her troubles, Patti's notes are

to be as good as ever.

Why is blind-man's-buff like sympathy? Because

he always feels for a fellow creature.

A state book is entitled "Half Hours with Insets."

What a silly half hour one can have with a bee.

What would you do, madam, if you were a gen-

tleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were

a woman?"

A hollow on the base of the skull is a serious mat-

ter, but a Roman punch in the stomach may lead to

more lasting consequences.

This is the way that old jokers may be revamped;

Under a blue counterpane, and you'll ne'er

remember pain.

When proposing to a window, the question whether

the husband is dead or divorced should be put

as possible.

If a man on a polar expedition should kill another,

what would be the heinousness of his crime? Murder

Marie eighty-third degree.

There is a man in Tennessee with such big feet that

He gets them wet in December, he doesn't have a

soft in his head until February.

It is argued for short-dresses that they give plain

girls a chance. What nature has denied to the face

she often gives to the understanding.

At a Chicago banquet, Delicate toast—The mar-

riage. Brutal response—They were toasted once—

will toast them again. Conformation in the clique.

It is amusing to occasionally find an ignorant

newspaper calling a newspaper a "jigging sheet."

If weeds were not made in, what were they made for?

Man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on a grass, what was the height of his ambition, re-

sponded: "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any

longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I am getting

now, and can't care for any old soul as I used to, you know."

A Coroner's jury which "found drowned" a man

who was not over bright, added to the verdict that

he never showed any penetration till he had made

holes in the water."

If a Michigan man is a Michigander, then a Wis-

consin man is a Wisconsiner, he is not fit and a

Nebraska man a Rhode Islander, and the

then man a Vermontryst?

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a

new wife made for himself, exclaimed: "By me,

an' that's a good idea! Shure, an' a stone of

them was but, Lar! blees you, sh' he isn't got de

shovel sound like Mistah Bolles hed. No indeed!"

An old lady in Middlebury crossed over a bridge

labeled "Dangerous" without seeing the sign. On

being informed of the fact on the other side, she im-

mediately turned in great alarm and recrossed.

"Maria," said the poor husband, "them wicked

people are allowing their children to play in the yard

Sundays. To-morrow I'll set the dog on their

heads. The judgment of heaven must be visited

upon them in some way."

He was a well-meaning man, but they had been

married a long while, and when he playfully asked

what was next to nothing, she sarcastically an-

sured that, at this season of the year, she thought

winter fancies were.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what's a periphrasis?"

It is simply a circumlocution and pleasan-

te or oratorical conceit, circumlocuting ap-

peal of beauty, lost in a verbal profanity."

Thank you, sir."

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII.—No. 17.

HONOLULU,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 641.

25c.

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